D.157/13

SONGS

IN THE

PRELUDE

CALLED

The BREAKING-UP.

AIR.

MAGNANIMOUS Sir and Madam, ſee;
Whip, ſays twedledum twedledee:
Magnanimous Sir and Madam, ſee
Your votary bending on his knee;
With a whip and a laſh,
And ſnip and ſlaſh,
And a following, hollowing, who but we,
While whip, ſays twedledum twedledee.

CHORUS.

And a following, hollowing, who but we,
While whip, ſays twedledum twedledee.

We're going to ſet an amuſement on foot,
Whip, ſays twedledum twedledee;
We're going to ſet an amuſement on foot,
And this, Sir and Madam, our humble ſuit,
With a whip and laſh,
And ſnip and ſlaſh,
And a following, &c.

You'll

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That you'll kindly permit 'em ſome good things
to play,
Whip, ſays twedledum twedledee;
You'll kindly permit 'em ſome good things to
play,
Or elſe by the lord we will all run away,
With a whip and laſh,
And ſnip and ſlaſh,
And a following, &c.

Let the pieces with ſatire be ſeaſon'd high,
Whip, ſays twedledum twedledee,
Let the pieces with ſatire be ſeaſoned high,
Whoſe ſhafts againſt folly like light'ning may fly,
With a whip and laſh,
And ſnip and ſlaſh,
And a following, &c.

That while wit and humour at vice ſhall be hurl'd,
Whip, ſays twedledum twedledee,
That while wit and humour at vice ſhall be hurl'd,
We may boldly exhibit a whimſical world,
With a whip and laſh,
And ſnip and ſlaſh,
And a following, &c.

AIR II.

BEHOLD the faries jocund band,
Who firm, tho' low of ſtature,
'Gainſt giant vice ſhall make a ſtand,
Pourtraying human nature.

CHORUS.

Then hey for the fairies jocund band,
Who firm, &c.

We've

We've characters of ev'ry mould,
All tempers, forms, and ſizes;
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
Hid under quaint diſguiſes.

Then hey, &c.

We have a prieſt who never ſwears,
But who is always ready
With money, or advice, or prayers,
To help the poor and needy.

Then hey, &c.

A woman who the times has croſt,
Who once had made a pother,
Thoſe charms which ſhe herſelf has loſt,
Can, pleas'd, ſee in another.

Then hey, &c.

A man and wife, who now on crutch
Are both oblig'd to hobble;
For fifty years, or near as much,
Have never had a ſquabble.

Then hey, &c.

A learn'd phyſician of great ſkill,
All cures, like Galen, pat in;
Who never does his patients kill,
Takes fee, or gabbers Latin.

They hey, &c.

A magiſtrate, upright and wiſe,
To whom no bribe is given;
And who, before two charming eyes,
Can hold the balance even.

Then hey, &c.

A coun-

A country ſquire who hates the ſmell
Of Stingo and October;
A modern poet, who can ſpell;
And a muſician ſober.

Then hey, &c.

Away then, camrade, beat to arms,
Diſplay your ſportive banners;
Strike hard at vice, expoſe falſe charms,
And catch the living manners.

Then hey, &c.

CHORUS.

With mirth while we the hours beguile,
Smile, ſmile, propitious Fortune, ſmile;
And ſince thy mild and gentle gales
Guided our helm, and fill'd our ſails,
To reach this hoſpitable ſhore,
Be ſtill our guardian we implore;
Permit our ſojourn here,
A land to honour dear;
Where honour does not more command
Than ſocial virtue charms.
A land
As high in arts as great in arms.

THE END.